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(Concluded from our last.)

MR. DENMAN.

That Mr. Denman's style of eloquence is not faultless, I admit; but his faults are amply redeemed by great and varied and lofty excellencies, and I doubt whether even his blemishes weaken the force of his appeals, or detract much from his high merit as an advocate. The fault most commonly found with Mr. Denman is, that his style is unequal, that though he soars, he soon sinks again; and that although he speaks with unrivalled ability, 'tis only for a time, and then he falls to the level of common men, from want of a sustaining force within him. There is unquestionably a considerable inequality in his style; but for this I can offer a reason with which careful observation has supplied me, and which I think will be found correct. I am persuaded that this inequality arises not from any deficiency of talent or want of information, but from the natural constitution of his mind, which compels him to utter his thoughts hastily and unreservedly; and from a habit too which he cannot now conquer, of approaching his subject without much previous preparation: he examines attentively the chief features of his case, but does not consider with sufficient minuteness each particular part, and speaks without having completely arranged and methodised his own thoughts, much less selected the exact words he means to employ. In this he differs from Mr. Brougham, than whom no man prepares with so much sedulous anxiety; the consequence of which marked difference is, however, that Denman succeeds in many cases of a certain class, when Mr. Brougham would most decidedly fail. Of the latter gentleman it was well observed by the author of his Sketch in the Dublin Literary Gazette, that there was no moral goodness in his oratory. Nothing can be more accurately true; and although he be a man of gigantic intellect, gifted with mighty powers, fostered by knowledge as profound as it is minute, yet is his eloquence eternally cold and bitter, and sarcastic, whether he derides the "mad doctors," (as he called them,) at Gray's inn coffee-house, lectures Sir Edward Sugden before the Lords, or scoffs at Lord Aberdeen in the Commons: still is he the same—still you hear nothing but relentless, cutting irony, and bitter sarcasm: the consequence is, that you walk away deeply impressed with a conviction of his vast abilities, but half frightened the while; for he not only has a giant's strength, but uses it like a giant. Place him before a jury, and desire him to tell them a feeling story to move their sympathies, or to touch their hearts by an affecting tale of suffering and misfortune, and if he be an honest man he will tell you he could not do it, and will hand his brief over to Mr. Denman; he will at once have the jury and his

audience with him, not so much by proclaiming original and striking principles, as by telling them in a new and happy manner, of homely truths, with which they have been long acquainted. They see a man before them pleading the cause of injured innocence, or vindicating outraged character, with soul and feelings like themselves; they look into his intelligent and manly countenance, and they are happy, because they behold in it a faithful index of a sound and honest human heart: they hear his round and mellow voice rise into strength and loudness when he is indignantly denouncing villainy, or exposing crime; they hear it subdued into softness when he is naturally affected by the nature of his case, and they see him tremble with emotion at the touch of pity. They are not cold-hearted critics, and have no time to observe trivial errors, or to catch up petty slips; pleased to find that his soul is in the subject, that he is not thinking of himself, or seeking for nice words and aspiring after flowing sentences, they confide in him unhesitatingly, and are led captive by his natural and engaging manner, by his feeling and spontaneous eloquence. The hearer would be disposed when Mr. Brougham had done, to take his hat, and make him a low bow before he walked away; but he feels an irresistible inclination to rush forward and grasp Mr. Denman by the hand, with the familiar fondness of an old and well-tryed friend. Of his uncompromising integrity as a lawyer it is almost needless to speak; it has never been denied or doubted. By the malevolence of party it has remained unquestioned, even in the hottest times of political excitement. When I use the word integrity, I mean not merely that tradesman-like honesty which teaches a man to discharge his duty, and prevents him from betraying a trust reposed in him. By the term, as applied to Mr. Denman, I mean that high and chivalrous sense of honor, the animating principle of a noble and generous nature, which prompts a man, regardless of personal emolument, and in contempt of personal interest, to encounter all risks and to brave all consequences for the sake of truth and justice, with an utter recklessness of his own future prospects. In the memorable event of the Queen's trial, he inveighed against her prosecutors with a thoughtless impetuosity which hurried him into expressions not merely indiscreet, but so improper as to require the decent veil of a learned language. His classical friend, Dr. Parr, it is said, supplied him with what has since been emphatically termed *Denman's Greek*. 'Tis a painful subject to advert to, and had better be buried in oblivion, for however the quotation alluded to might have savoured of pedantry and coarseness, it exhibited but little of that good feeling and urbanity for which Mr. Denman had been so proverbial, and which under every excitement should mark the deportment of the scholar and the gentleman. His zeal and ve-

hement on this occasion, nearly destroyed, and for a long time certainly retarded, his professional advancement; after a lapse of some years, and when the fervour of political excitation had abated, Mr. Brougham accepted a silk gown, much to the surprise of his professional brethren, who had supposed that his attachment to Mr. Denman was so ardent, that he would not permit himself to be promoted while his friend was left below the bar. However, doubtless for substantial reasons, Mr. Brougham marched within, to a more comfortable seat, while Mr. Denman still remained the ornament of the outer bench, and might have so continued still, but for the impartiality and candour of our military premier.—'Tis said that reports were diligently circulated injurious to Mr. Denman's prospects; that in consequence he had several conversations with Lord Lyndhurst, who graciously informed him that he would be promoted in due time, doubtless accompanying the put-off with smooth words and a sweet smile: tired or disgusted with the shuffling of the chancellor, he visited the Duke of Wellington, who in a brief interview of five minutes' duration, acknowledged with characteristic frankness that he saw no good reason why an advocate should be punished for boldly defending his client, and that he would certainly and speedily attend to his claims.—The consequence of this interview was, that Mr. Denman soon obtained the step to which his talents and standing had long entitled him. Our distinguished fellow-countryman, (the Duke,) evincing by this act of justice, that he had more correct notions of the privileges of an advocate, than the man who from education and early associations should feel most desirous to protect and enlarge them.

In concluding my account of Mr. Denman's character as a lawyer, I can, perhaps, convey the most exact idea of his professional powers by contrasting them with those of his legal brethren; if you had a rotten case to patch up, of course you would select Sir James; if you wished to set aside a special verdict, Mr. Pollock; if to chastise or terrify your opponent, Mr. Brougham; if to vindicate your character or to defend your life, Mr. Denman. On his parliamentary career this gentleman can look back with pleasure; independent and consistent he never deviated from those principles which from an honest conviction he had first embraced,* to ingratiate himself with the minister

* Of course our views in politics are very different from Mr. Denman's: we do not love the man the less. There is nothing that we more heartily detest, or that has more often grieved and disgusted us in Ireland, than to see educated gentlemen allowing party prejudices to interfere with the interchange of the charities of social and domestic life, and made the ground of personal dislike; as if men could not be amiable and estimable, while each held his own way of thinking. For our proper part, if we know a man to be honest and true, we should as soon think of quarrelling with him for the colour of his coat as of his political opinions, provided he does not thrust them forward offensively upon us, and even then we should simply meet them with their opposite.—Ed.

of the day; he fearlessly denounced corruption wherever he found it, and forgot his own interest in the larger and more comprehensive interests of his country. That he is not now in Parliament I consider a national loss, and as a frequent listener in the House of Commons, I regret the absence of a man, who by his ready eloquence might throw life into debates, now alas! almost bereft of vigour and animation, but pre-eminently distinguished for flippancy and dullness. But it is not for his patriotism as a senator, or for his excellence as an advocate, that I consider him most deserving of approbation, he is entitled to the respect and love of his fellow-citizens "because he is a friend to the moral improvement of man."—Associated with Mackintosh and Brougham, he has struggled hard to spread abroad the light of knowledge, and to diffuse the blessings of a sound and useful education amongst the ignorant portion of his countrymen; he has been the firmest friend to the London-university and other institutions which have had the education of the public for their object, he has been the bitterest enemy of that monstrous birth of modern times, the slave trade; and associated with illustrious rivals in a still more glorious cause, his name will be treasured in the recollections of the wise and good, so long as a single tract of the much calumniated "society for the diffusion of useful knowledge," shall be extant. Each succeeding month adds fresh laurels to those which he has already won; he may wear them without a blush, for they are unstained by the innocent blood which tarnishes the proudest trophy the greatest conqueror ever gained by the slaughter of thousands, to gratify the cravings of lust or of ambition. And it must be to him a delightful reflection, that by no human power can he be deprived of his well earned reputation. No, although the great tyrants of Europe were to conspire to-morrow to accomplish the debasement of mankind, or issue a bloody edict for the extermination of the virtuous and the honest, whom they hate and fear, they cannot, thank heaven, stifle the voice of truth, or arrest the progress of knowledge: already has it approached their very gates, and they tremble for the safety of the citadel of ignorance; vain is their opposition, despite their impotent and malignant efforts it will advance resistless in its course, till the despotism of the continent be shivered in its grasp, till superstition be universally trampled under foot, and tyranny banished from the world.

I have I fear, exhausted my reader's patience, and wandered from my subject. In private life, Mr. Denman is amiable, kind, and generous, so that even those who hate his politics, admire the man; by the members of his own profession he is beloved; on circuit he is the centre of attraction, possessing the happy art of winning the esteem, and gaining the affections of all who come within the reach of his society and conversation: this is high praise, but I have asserted nothing but what I know to be the truth. I may add, that he is an ardent and critical admirer of the Fine Arts, and indeed of every thing that tends to humanize, adorn, and improve mankind. Mr. Denman has, I should suppose, but little chance of ever obtaining high preferment, he is now common serjeant of London, a place in the gift of the corporation, which was bestowed on him from admiration of his public character, and respect for his private virtues.—

The road to the bench is still somewhat crooked, for although through the correcting influence of public opinion, men only of undoubted talents and great experience, are placed in the most prominent and difficult situations, men whose names spread a lustre round our seats of justice, yet the humbler but hardly less important places of the Puisne-judges, are not unfrequently procured by the instrumentality of private friendship, given as a snug retreat for imbecility, or bestowed as the appropriate reward of political subserviency. That man must be afflicted with a selfish disposition, and a contracted heart, who is not compensated for the loss of wealth and advancement, by the love of his professional brethren, the gratitude of his fellow citizens, the esteem and admiration of all honest men.

W.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Ireland and its Economy; being the result of observations made in a tour through the country in the autumn of 1829. By I. E. Bicheno, Esq. F. R. S. Sec. Linn. Soc. &c.—London, Murray.

MR. BICHENO visited Ireland out of curiosity, as men go to see the wild beasts at supper in the tower menagerie, (only with far greater intrepidity, for the beasts in the tower are caged,) and his route lay through Waterford, Cork, Kerry, the western part of Clare, Limerick, Tipperary, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, Dublin; then northward to Belfast, returning through Armagh, whence he diverged through Monaghan to Enniskillen and Sligo, and so back again to the fair city of Dublin. Having penetrated thus far into the bowels of our western terra incognita, as fast as Irish post-horses, and his 'thravelin po-chay,' could carry him, and beguiling the tedium of our 'pathless downs,' with the pleasant chat of Frederic Page, Esq. a bencher of the middle temple,—whom our public will rejoice to hear that Mr. Bicheno found as he informs us in his dedication, an intelligent and agreeable companion of his journey,—it behoved him of course to enlighten the benighted English people on his return with his observations on all the "vonderful vonders as vas to be seed" in these foreign and outlandish parts. It is the privilege of Englishmen to grumble. While at home they grumble at 'their own, the nation's debt,' the laws

'Which feed the poor, and dont protect the game,'

and other enormities and anomalies too tedious to be mentioned. Let them but step out of merry England, and whatever is wrong, because it is not English. Let us hear for example Mr. I. E. Bicheno on the dwellings of the rural population of Ireland:

"The habitations of the peasantry are, as every body knows, of the rudest and most miserable construction. They are scattered over the country wherever a bit of soil is to be obtained, fit for the potatoe; but the favourite spot is beside a road, where they are frequently seen to extend with short intervals for miles together. These collections of hovels form almost the only villages to be seen by the traveller. In Munster, to which we chiefly directed our attention, is probably to be witnessed as low a scale of shelter as is to be found in Europe among a settled population. It is built by the occupier of the soil out of the

materials he finds on the spot. The four walls are of dirt, mixed with rushes or straw beaten up with it. The floor is the earth. The roof is constructed of bogwood, fastened together with pins of the same, or tied with rude cordage made of grass, or rye-straw, which is a favourite material. The covering is soda, or perhaps a thatch of heath. If a window be indulged in, it consists of a single pane of glass, built in with the wall; and when it gets broken, which inevitably happens sooner or later, it is mended by plastering the hole up with dirt. There is a door-way, but frequently no door; its place being supplied by a straw-mat platted for the purpose, which easily admits of a passage behind the scenes; but if you are shut out, the old jest is very nearly a truth, you may put your arm down the chimney and unlock the door. The interior is furnished with a dresser, some crockery, a table, a stool or two, a bedstead, and that servant of all work the *crock*. There never was a utensil applied to more purposes than this. It is like Hudibras' sword—

'Twoold make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth.

The *crock* not only boils the potatoes, which is its legitimate application, but aids in fetching them home washing them, and all things else that are washable. With the assistance of a table and a kish, it barricades the door, to prevent the irruptions of the pig and the cow during meals. It serves the pig and the children, collects the jetsum and flotsum of the cabin, and is alternately a vessel of honour and dishonour.

"The chimney, if there be one, is a square frame of wood-work, wrapped round with wattles of hay, and plastered with clay; or in the counties of Cork and Kerry it is a butter firkin, or a bee-hive, or a basket. The smoke indeed seldom escapes by its lawful channel, but makes its way as it can by every pore through the roof, walls and door; so that an Englishman, on the first impulse, immediately thinks of sending for the engines. A moment's reflection teaches him, that in Ireland smoke is not always the prelude to fire. It is frequently the utmost which the fuel itself can elaborate. The general aspect of these hovels at a distance, is that of heaps of dung reeking with the steam of their own fermentation.

"Immediately convenient to the door, and on each side, are the receptacles, into which the *receptamenta* of the cabin are thrown; but they mostly find their way to these places by the laws of gravitation alone. Many attempts have been made by humane individuals, to induce them to remove these offensive collections out of sight, but in vain. Like other farmers, they love to display their wealth; and if they understand nothing else, they have learned how to convert decomposed animal and vegetable matter into potatoes.

"The cow, the pig, the goat, the turkeys are as much a part of the family as the children. They grow up together, eat of the same meat, drink of the same cups, and lie in the same bosom. The ordinary answer when you remonstrate with them about these intrusions, is now as of old; 'And sure havn't they a right, for don't they pay the rent?'"

Now first we suspect friend John must have been bitten by some mad Munster-man, who told him of the manure heaps "immediatly convaynient to the doore," for we can confidently affirm that he never learned the phrase